



Bellows to mend; Maids, your Bel-
lows to mend?

TO mend your Bellows Joe will trot
Still up and down the streets;
He loves too well the Porter Pot,
And very little eats.

The while he lives, in idle waste,
Like many foolish fellows,
A Phthisic coming on a-pace,
Destroys his own life's bellows.